God keepe you from them and from such false friends.
Prin. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.
Enter Lord Maior.
Lo.M. God blesse your Grace, with health and happy (daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my Lord, and thanke you all.
I thought my mother, and my brother *Yorke*,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie what a slug is *Hastings* that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no, *Enter L. Hast.*
Buc. And in good time heere comes the sweating Lord,
Prin. Welcome my Lord, what, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion God he knowes not I:
The Queene, your mother, and your brother *Yorke*
Haue taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace:
But by his mother was perforce with-held.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? Lord *Cardinall*, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene to send the Duke of *Yorke*
Vnto his Princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord *Hastings* goe with them,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo. of *Buckingham*, if my weake oratory
Can from his mother winne the Duke of *Yorke*
Anon expect him heere: but if she be obdurate
To milde intreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guilty of so great a sinne.
Buc. You are too senceleſſe obstinate my Lord,
Too ceremonius and Traditionall:
Weigh it but with the greatnesse of his age,
You breake not Sanctuary in seazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then take him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children neuer till now.
Car. My Lord, you shall ouer-rule my mind for once?
Come one Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me?
Hast. I goe my Lord. *Exit. Car. & Hast.*
Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy haste you may:
Say Vncle *Gloucester*, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it thinkst best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may counsell you some day or two
Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please as shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Prin. I doe not like the Tower of any place,
Did *Iulius Cæsar* build that place my Lord?
Buc. He did my gracious Lord begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue redified.
Prin. Is it vpon record or else reported
Successiuely from age to age hee built it?
Buc. Vpon record my gracious Lord.
Prin. But say my Lord it were not registerd,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retaild to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wise, so young, they say do neuer liue long.
Prin. What say you Vncle?
Glo. I say with out Caracters fame liues long:
That like the formall vice, iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prin. That *Iulius Cæsar* was a famous man,
With what his valour did inrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Cousen *Buckingham*.
Buc. What my gracious Lord?
Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man.